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Psychologists and penologists alike subscribe to the belief that criminality has a real basis in emotional immaturity and lack of education. For a fresh view on the subject turn to page 4 and read **SOME PEOPLE GROW UP AND SOME GROW OLDER.**

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

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Editorials

THE UBIQUITOUS CIGARET

The U.S. Surgeon-General's report on cigaret smoking and its effect on the health has probably caused a great many people to lay down their cigarets — but only while they picked up their pens to prepare a wordy diatribe—pro or con—on the subject. Everybody talks about it and writes about it, and, unlike the weather, they all seem prepared to do something about it.

One authority claims that since nicotine is a habit-forming narcotic like opium, all tobacco addicts should be put in jail. Hmmm! A free lance writer takes his pen in hand to suggest that people should substitute marijuana for tobacco. He goes on to quote *Lancet* to the effect that marijuana is not habit-forming. In making his point he very carefully ignores the fact that continued use of marijuana destroys the brain cells.

Drug stores are advertising a preparation called lobeline (not available in Canada) which is supposed to reduce the craving while the habit is being kicked. This might be an acceptable substitute since it could be taxed. (Canada's 1962 tobacco crop was valued at \$40 million, from which the federal government received a revenue of \$230 million).

Sit in church all day—you can't smoke there. Money normally spent for smokes should be deposited in the collection plate.

There are plans galore but strangely enough, nobody has thought to question the motivation of the government in releasing the U.S. Surgeon-General's report. Could this be just another experiment to see how far two hundred million people can be led by the nose? Is this a scene out of Huxley's *Brave New world*? Will we have some new catch phrases like "Joy Through Regimentation" and a fad for "Music To Quit Smoking By"? If such is the case it's just possible that they will defeat their own ends. All those cute little conformists, narrow people wearing narrow suits and narrow ties, standing in neat rows, smoking filtered cigarets—would they destroy all that? All those regimented suburbanites living in their identical, tickytacky houses? Would they make nonconformists of them?

Smoking is an addiction but it is also safe, approved conformity. The approved types have been lined up and numbered, the rebels are in jail. To quit smoking one must become a nonconformist in one area. When the one problem has been disposed of there is a distinct possibility that the subject will discover the joys and satisfactions of individuality. He will start thinking for himself, forming his own opinions, making his own decisions. Horrors! But only the nonconformist, the rebel, can quit smoking. Careful, now...

IN THE NEWS

In the constant search for the spectacular the newspapers inadvertently point the finger of mediocrity at the central figure of their little drama. Screaming headlines call attention to a fatal accident on the highway. The item begins:

"A head-on collision between two transport trucks on highway 401 caused the death of John Smith, father of four."

It was not sufficient for the man to lose his life. Oh, no! Attention must be drawn to the fact that he could claim distinction only as a prolific breeder.

As they say in England, "Breeding is so important."

LOUIE THE DIP

Toronto Telegram

Writers of epitaphs commonly reach for something good to say, no matter the lifetime habits of the departed. This is right and proper because mortals of the humblest kind—or the most venal, if it comes to that—are usually entitled to a sendoff.

On this, Louis Finkelstein, pickpocket, would certainly agree. He died in Cleveland Thursday at the age of 68, flat broke and quite probably unmourned.

During his lifetime he gained some notoriety as Louie The Dip. And being a restless man, the number of his victims was said to stretch from coast to coast.

It might be said these victims were his close associates, however, unwittingly; that he lightened their burden, if burden it was. But it is doubtful if any of them will rue his going.

That's the pity of it. But it is not half so pity provoking as the thought that a man who pursued his calling with such dexterity and persistence, now will find no pockets to pick, at all, no matter where he's gone. This fact considered, prayers for the comfort of his soul are certainly in order.

Some People Grow Up Some Grow Older

T. THOMPSON

It was not too long ago when most prison inmates were free; jail was a far-off shadow. Then suddenly they were captured, tried, convicted, and finally, sentenced to a term in jail. And now they are numbered inmates of Kingston Penitentiary; unwilling initiates into the fellowship of punishment and rehabilitation.

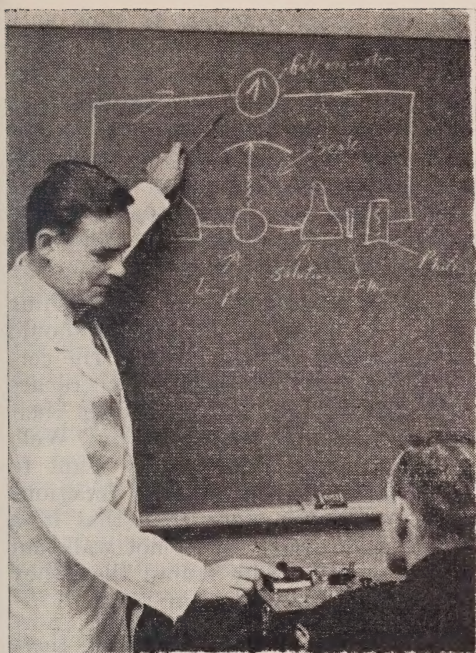
Their reaction is to cry fretfully against fate, to resent bitterly such untimely interference with life's routine. Yet their incarceration can confer substantial benefits—and not just in the realm of Career-like piety, either. An enforced stay in jail, whether they wish to admit it or not, releases them from a too busy world, sharpens their mental and spiritual perceptions, permits a clearer perspective on their lives. And a time spent in jail could be regarded as an opportunity to gather dividends and generate energies that mere freedom cannot possibly bestow.

I am not speaking of those chronic "crooks" whose habits doom them to a life of incarceration, and whose inability to readjust cause them to die in jail, but to those who have the sincere desire to straighten themselves out; to those who really do not wish to come back; to those who are capable of growing up and not just older.

The former type of people, even though they would like to, rarely learn to make the most of their incarceration, regarding it only as a visitation of bad luck. Yet, surprisingly enough, thousands of people have found themselves for the first time during a term in jail.

The "Bird Man of Alcatraz" was sentenced as a young man to a great many years in prison. He was a proven killer who was thought to be "no good" for himself or for any other person in the world. But this proved to be wrong. For as he passed away his time in jail, he became interested in birds. He began to make pets of them, and later to nurse them from sickness to health. With each new patient, he learned more of how he might treat them for their ills, until he knew more about sickness in birds than any other man alive. Consequently, he discovered new cures for these illnesses and contributed this valuable knowledge to poultry farmers all over the world.

O. Henry, the famous author from North Carolina, also spent a part of his life in jail. "The many months in jail," he said, "gave me the requisite leisure to evaluate the impressions of many years in which experiences had crowded one upon the other, with never a seconds reflection." It was while he was in jail that he first began to write his stories. It has been said that no writer's name has been more closely identified with the short story in English than O. Henry. Irving, Poe, Hawthorne Bret Harte, Stevenson, Kipling attained fame in other fields, but this author's name ranks with theirs in achievement. In fact, in North Carolina



they have erected a memorial to this profoundly sincere artist. His writings are now famous, not because of his past, but in spite of it.

Another author, who spent two years of his life in jail, was Oscar Wilde. This is where he wrote his powerful *Ballad of Reading Gaol* and the apology for his life, which is a classic. Oscar Wilde was one of the most prominent personalities of his day and his affected paradoxes and his witty sayings were quoted on all sides; the wit and brilliance of his plays made him be recognized as one of the best play writers of his time and they are still occasionally revived.

"*I disagree with every word you say, but will defend to the death you right to say it*", was the credo of Voltaire. This was a man who was sent to the Bastille in 1717, because he wrote two violent libels against his government. While he was in jail he recast *Oedipe* and began the *Henriade*. Before he was released he changed his name from Francois Marie Arouet to Arouet de

Voltaire, or simply to Voltiare. Before he died this man was recognized by the world as a person who had a far nobler concept of morals than many of the people who criticize his own. He saw man as a free agent, responsible for his own actions, with his conscience as a bar of judgment.

"If man is created free, he should govern himself alone."

"If man has tyrants over him, he should turn them from their throne."

Voltaire wrote with a wit made luminous by a sense of justice, "transmuting anger into fun, fire into light". And what he thought in his life comes to 99 volumes. He said it in plays and poems and novels, in pamphlets and articles, and in the 10,000 letters he wrote to all the famous people in Europe.

Benvenuto Cellini, who lived during the 15th century, was held a prisoner in jail for two years by Pope Paul III. While he was incarcerated he perfected his talent as an artist of gold and silver dishes; consequently, before he died he was recognized as being the best in the world.

The author of *Don Quixote*, Sir Miguel De Cervantes, wrote this famous book while he was in jail for five years for defrauding the government of his country.

To come closer to home and more up to date, it might surprise the reader to hear that, in spite of the fact that they were in jail for theft and assault, at least two men later became Mayors of large cities in Ontario.

And, of course, there are many other people, who after spending "time" in jail, later went out into the world and became a success in their trades. I am sure everybody knows at least one such person.

Like any other major experience, "doing time" really changes people. How? Well, it could make them bitter, miserable, and too cynical; it could

make them worse or, perhaps, better—but it will only do what they let it do to them. When they enter jail they are temporarily relieved from the pressure of meeting the world head-on. Responsibility melts away like a fog on a hot summer day; they do not have to look for a job, pay food and rent, and risk getting arrested or, perhaps, shot! They enter a realm of introspection and self-analysis. They think very seriously, perhaps, for the first time in their lives, about their past and future. Former values are seen to be fallacious; habitual courses of action appear weak, foolish, or stubborn. Jail, if they let it, will give them that second rarest thing in the world—a second chance, not only at freedom, but at life itself!

Jail knocks a lot of nonsense out of them; it induces humility, cuts most of them down to size. It enables them to take a realistic look into their inner selves and to discover how often they have rationalized their failures and weaknesses, dodged vital issues and taken the easiest way out. Mistakes made in their lives, in their marriages, in their social contacts stand out all too clearly. When they are a bit scared the salutary effect of jail is particularly marked. For only when people are insecure, lonely, and frightened do they discover their soul, their God, and their life work.

A great many inmates, who realized the stupidity and uselessness of their lives in the past, suddenly awoke one morning during their stay in jail and decided to do something about it. They were sick of reading pocket novels and listening to the disk jockeys spin records on the radio. They went to the schoolteacher and asked for a mathematics course, or an English course, or a mechanical drafting course, or a mechanical engineering course, or a course in philosophy, or a course in psychology, or even a general course in public school education. *They decided to improve themselves.* And they

had the tenacity needed to stick with it—if they found it to be hard work—and they succeeded! One by one they piled up the courses and increased the amount of knowledge in their minds that they had previously lacked; the knowledge that they knew they would need if they were going to succeed in the future; the knowledge that has since kept them out of jail!

Instead of daydreaming and wishing their lives away, every inmate should be preparing for the future. He certainly will not be alone for there are over 100 inmates sweating over their lessons *right this minute*. Why? Well, if for no other reason, they want to keep their brains capable of functioning on a higher plane than that of a robot; they would rather not walk out of jail a little more stupid than they were when they walked in.

The people who are taking these courses are not gifted in any way and can, at most, only brag of possessing an average intelligence quotient. They must struggle as hard, if not harder than the next person, but they know that there is no easier way to pick up knowledge and they face it.

At least 50 percent of the population of any institution would like to be "brighter": they have the desire, but they do not have the "stick-to-it-ness." It is common to see inmates carrying six or seven books to their cells, read six or seven pages of each one, and the "stack" them on the shelf with the other six or seven books they carried to their cells last week, *and probably forgot!* Actually, if they were to carry only one book to their cell and read it from cover to cover, even though it might be a very little book, they would learn more from it, than they would from the complete set of Encyclopaedia Britannica; if they never read more than six or seven pages. They know this; I know this; so why do they insist on doing it? Perhaps, to impress someone? Or is it because they have the

desire, but nothing else? Maybe they do not even have the desire!

Where do people get the desire to learn? Well, since we are born with the desire to live, we must be born with the desire to learn; because we must learn to do things if we desire to live. Therefore every person *has* the desire to learn. Of course, not every person's desire to learn is as strong as other's and subsequently, the former go through life knowing very little *about life*. Unfortunately, these people are not too hard to find. They go through their whole life knowing very little of what is happening around them: they do not know why the wind blows, why the grass is green, why the sky is blue, where clouds come from; they do not know anything about their own home town, the province they come from, nor even anything about their country; they have no interest in politics, and usually are unable to even guess who our Prime Minister is! And yet, who is it that thinks he knows the most?

Where do people get the tenacity, the stubbornness needed to stick-with-it? They cultivate it. They take one hour per day and devote it to study; *whether* they feel like it or not. It might be their dinner hour, or after they have finished their evening meal, but whatever hour they choose they *stick to it* and eventually, end up a winner!

Why a winner? Because they will not leave this institution, or for that matter, any institution, worse than when they entered it. They will have a greater thinking capacity, a better understanding of the world around them, and a chance to become *something* in the future.

The most popular reason people give for not studying, is that they have not enough time to learn the things that they feel they need. Well, one fellow

completed four mathematic courses in 10 months: he began grade nine and finished grade thirteen! Another has completed a typing course, mathematics course, two English courses, a course in psychology, a course in philosophy and a book-keeping course in two years! One teenager has completed a mathematics course, a mechanical engineering course, has begun a book-keeping course and he has only been in this institution 4 months! Another has completed his grade eight public schooling in which he previously had only grade four in 18 months. And so it goes—why cannot every individual in jail do the same? If every person, whether in jail or not, would take a realistic view of his future he would certainly see that when he is forty years of age he is going to need a good job to pay for a home, family expenses, car, and a little entertainment. And he should also recognize the fact that now is the time to do something about it.

Since every inmate, in every institution, will have to "do his time" regardless of how he goes about it, it is hard to understand why he does not avail himself of the opportunity now to improve his chances of a better life when he is released. Does he not know that when he is released from jail that the only person who will really look after him will have to be himself? And that if he does not try to improve himself now, he is going to grow old in this, or in some place like this, institution and, in the end, be another of the old men that he can see walking around the place every day? Is this what he wants for a future? If it is, and he does reach the age of forty or fifty with nothing to his name but a long prison sentence, he should remember not to blame any person but himself, because he did have the chance to grow up and not just older like the rest of mankind...

The Tailor Shop

Agent X69

After experiencing considerable difficulty in infiltrating the ranks of the Tailor Shop it was disheartening to find myself isolated as it were, in the outskirts, the suburbs. The Tailor Shop is not a single entity as I had supposed. No, indeed! Here in the heart of Canada, in Kingston's Tailor Shop, there is a Berlin Wall. There are other lines of demarcation but the big wall of Berlin is rarely crossed—it is the barrier insurmountable.

West Berlin operates under the capable and amiable leadership of Senior Instructor, H. Limbert. Of the 89 inmates employed in the Tailor Shop the West Berliners claim to be the more fortunate. Class distinction rears its ugly head. The West Berliners are the elite!

These westerners are employed at making discharge suits for the inmates and custom tailoring for the guards. They are capable of turning out some

pretty good tailoring although they don't always do it. A suit is started by Gary, who issues material to the cutting room in East Berlin. The cutters, Eddie, Red, Pete and Joe cut up the material and anything else available. As soon as the cutting is done the West Berliners take over. There is Marcel, Tony, Al, Rondon, Normie, "Can you top this Barney," Lanny and Deb, who collaborate in performing a minor miracle by turning the pieces into suit coats.

Over in one corner Andy takes care of the female needs. That is, he makes coats and suits for the Prison for Women. Red is a specialist. He specializes in something. I really should find out what it is.

The next scene in a direct line is the Pants operation. Bay Theater John, of the congenial nose and humor, tirelessly runs pants through the Hoffman presser. The pants never recover from

this treatment. Immediately next to the presser is the pocket detail: Tony, Benny, Vic and some guy named Anonymous. Needless to state, these guys think they are the elite of the shop. Probably the most efficient man in the department is Terry the zipper man. He installs and checks zippers all day long and while he is far from being versatile, he does very well at the job he knows best. That just about covers the pants operation. They could be better but not more interesting.

Now into East Berlin—ugh! We West Berliners feel sorry for these cats. This is where the top coats are made. Oddly enough, there are a few really hilarious characters working here—in spite of Big Brother’s scowl. One operator was putting sleeves on a coat as I walked by. Some wise guy quipped, “Look, he’s sewing a pair of mail bags on that coat.” The morale seems to be high in spite of the wall—or perhaps because of it.

Down near the exit there’s a cage within a cage. This is the machine shop manned by Gramps Mike and his helper, Gary. These two are for the repair and despair of the sewing machines.

Seems to be some excitement in the cutting room—better take a look. Somebody is about to be measured for a suit and the scuttlebutt has it that he’s a bit of a windbag. To hear him talk, he’s got nothing but loot and he trades in his Cadillac as soon as the ashtrays are full. He must be all of twenty-four and he’s just finishing a fin. Eddie escorts the ‘money man’ to the center of the room while Red unrolls about seven feet of brown wrapping paper on the floor. Now the customer is invited to lie down on the paper while his outline is drawn with a black, marking pencil. What do ya know—he goes for it. That’s the Tailor Shop for you. You meet all kinds and there’s never a dull moment.



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after dinner address by
Monsignor Joseph E. LeFort

It is a pleasure for me to be present this evening at your annual meeting and to be invited to be your guest speaker. You have had a tradition of notable speakers at your Annual Meetings, I must say that I do not have the qualities of a Supreme Court Judge, or an outstanding lawyer, or an Official from the Justice Department, but I do have the distinction of being the First President of the John Howard Society of Canada. I deem it an honor to be with the John Howard Society of Ottawa and their distinguished guests. I wish too to congratulate the Ottawa Branch for their accomplishments over the past years. Your branch might well be held up as a model to other branches throughout Canada.

The creation of a national organization is not brought about without certain birth pains, and that of the John Howard Society of Canada was no different. Our country is large and diverse and provincial rights had to be maintained, and like confederation in Canada, the greatest diplomacy had to be brought into force to create its establishment.

The former Minister of Justice, the Honourable Davie Fulton, aided our efforts by his cooperation and expressed wish that the John Howard So-

cieties form a national group. He formally signed the original copy of our first constitution. The present Minister of Justice, the Honourable Mr. Fleming, has been most sympathetic and helpful in our meetings with him. It was the common bond and unity of purpose that enabled the provincial John Howard Societies to form a national society.

The principal aims of the National Society is to provide an association of provincially incorporated John Howard Societies. This was achieved when all the provinces of Canada save Quebec, joined our ranks. The latter province, because of problems which are peculiar to its area, have delayed entry until the provinces have produced a medium for co-ordinating the activities of the Provincial societies in working with inmates of correctional institutions and ex-inmates and their dependents; it will encourage study on penal reform problems and will help develop through educational programs, an enlightened public opinion regarding correctional programs and problems. It will strive for the maintenance of progressive standards in all our provincial societies. Further, the national Society has endeavoured to co-operate with Government and all agencies and services

in the correctional field, in carrying out our common objectives and has sought to obtain adequate financial support for the national and provincial and local societies.

While in the first year of our existence, it is difficult to assess what has been accomplished, yet in my personal visits to at least four of the Provincial Societies, it is most encouraging to see the progress that has been achieved. Over 10,000 ex-prisoners were served in the past year, not to mention the attention given to their relatives. 30 institutions have been served and a staff of over 40 professional social workers make up our task force. A number of Provincial Societies conduct courses on "Correction and Crime", others are studying Free Legal Aid for Prisoners; briefs were presented by societies to the Federal Commission on Juvenile Delinquency. The national organization has established working committees, with participants from each province, to make a study of "Prison Labor and Industries" "Inter-provincial Referrals" "Inter-provincial and International Repatriation" and "Half-way Houses and Hostels".

One cannot begin to tabulate or to evaluate the meaning of the millions of dollars that are saved the public, through the efforts of the John Howard Societies across Canada. Our own expenditures on behalf of prisoners and ex-prisoners are in excess of a half a million dollars. If the work of rehabilitation were not carried on by our society, thousands of men would be back in the jails, costing the tax payers millions of dollars.

Ontario, of all the provinces in Canada, has accomplished remarkable achievements in the work of the John Howard Society. This has been brought about by the judgment of outstanding citizens on provincial and branch boards, and by their excellent trained professional staff. During 1962, the number of ex-inmates served, totalled

2307. These include inmates from the Penitentiaries, Reformatories, jails and other jurisdictions. The Ottawa Branch carried a very large load of these cases, numbering 218, of which 86 were from the Penitentiaries, 102 from Ontario Reformatories, 7 from jails, and 23 from other jurisdictions.

The Ottawa Branch should be highly commended for its work. Serving these cases involved 1282 personal interviews, 748 community contacts, and 40 visits to homes or places of employment. It is of interest to note that 45 of the cases supervised were with men under parole — 30 from the Federal Penitentiaries, 15 from the Provincial jails.

Without doubt, the rehabilitation of the ex-prisoner is a national challenge today. We might well say that we have reached the Crossroads. Unless the public is ready to accept the responsibility of restoring men to useful places in our society, we are dooming their lives by placing them in human storage houses, to be useful neither to society nor to themselves. It is important that advances be made in the treatment of the prisoner, and the excellence of our institutions. But of what value are these, if men cannot be gainfully employed and socially adjusted once again to normal living.

We know that illness strikes a man without warning. It is no respecter of persons. So also may prison life impose itself upon man, frequently when least expected. Because of aberrations, weakness or other difficulties, man may find himself a transgressor and in the hands of the law without warning. In his sane moments, these dangers are remote, but so often in a flash of weakness, crime is committed. We have escaped it only because of the grace of God, but it should not make us unmindful of others who have been less fortunate. Offenders against the law do not always come from the dregs of society, but more often from respec-

table homes. In our days of apparent prosperity, many parents are so concerned with acquiring material security, that they may forget that their greatest treasure is their family. With both parents working they often neglect to raise their children in a wholesome home environment, providing instead a fertile soil for delinquency and crime.

The offender today, as in the past is a problem to society. He is a marked man because of the degradation of his trial and imprisonment he is an outcast. If he has a family, it shares his shame and is classified with him. The world can be cruel, when it crushes a man, it tends not to look back upon the destruction caused. Years ago, a man by the name of John Howard, undertook to salvage what he could of the imprisoned man and gave particular attention to the conditions in the jails in England and Europe. The conditions of these institutions during his time were deplorable. Jailers were coarse, ignorant and uncouth men, selected for their moral indifference and insensibility to human suffering. Straw was seldom furnished for men to lie on, and prisoners had to lie upon stone or muddy floors. The food was abominable. Jail fever was common. The hardened criminal and the minor offender were often made to share the same cell. Because John Howard was a man of considerable financial means, with his funds he was able to campaign for prison reform and to travel the Continent to do so. The spirit that he engendered, was imitated throughout the world and many prison societies were formed, the first of them in Canada was in 1867, and the first to use his name in Canada was in British Columbia in 1931. Since then, all remaining provinces have formed John Howard Societies.

It is in the rehabilitation of ex-inmates that the John Howard Society directs its prime efforts, to the restor-

ing of the offender to satisfactory social functioning upon his return to the community. One has to appreciate the conflicts that are experienced by the ex-inmate following his release from prison, to realize the tremendous amount of work that must be done for him, before he is able to have a normal life in society. Following his conviction, he often awaits in fear, the decision of the Judge or Magistrate. He may be filled with shame and a deep feeling of guilt. Then after the sentence, the feelings of remorse may come upon him. While in the institution, if given the proper treatment, hope may be restored, but these months or years of confinement, have made him a stranger to the world to which he must return. His long separation from his family and relatives creates strangeness, as he faces them on release. How very necessary is the assistance of the social worker to prepare him even while he is still in prison and later when he finds his way back into a strange, suspicious and forbidding world? Where will he find work—who will employ and ex-con? Unless the way is prepared for him so that he can be integrated into society, he will soon fall back into crime, and in a sense, back to the security of the jail. The social workers of the John Howard Society have made a valuable professional contribution in the correctional process in the development of skills, techniques and methods of working with this type of client.

The more one becomes involved in the subject of rehabilitation, the more the need for its application and development becomes more and more apparent. The more people that become aware of these problems, the more sympathetic they will be and they will be prepared to offer assistance, if not directly, at least through an after-care agency. Public interpretation of these problems has been a fundamental aspect of our program and many of the advances in corrections have been fos-

tered by the more favourable public climate we have helped create.

There are those who would say that this after-care treatment should be a government responsibility. The prisoner has, for the years of his incarceration, been told what to do and what not to do by officialdom. A resentment to authority has often been engrained in the offender in the early days and has been the fear and part of his problem with the law, suspicion in their minds towards the law and governmental services has often been reinforced by his prison experience. The after-care agency responds to his needs on the basis of community interest in his establishment, out of good will and humanitarianism. But even more important than this, is the public support given by thousands of volunteers across the country through the after-care societies in rehabilitation of ex-inmates. This might well be lost. Properly orientated, the volunteer is prepared to give the ex-inmate employment and a helping hand in all aspects of his re-establishment. Government servants could not begin to tap the man power in the great length and depth of this country as the after-care agencies have, nor could they as effectively stimulate and channel interest in corrections generally among citizens and citizens groups.

Though the Penitentiary service is endeavouring to improve the treatment of the ex-inmates, and is to be commended for doing so, it cannot cope with the demands for trained personnel. This is particularly true of social workers, psychiatrists and psychologists. All too few are to be found in the prison settings, and for many years to come, it will remain so, because these professional people are hard to come by, even in a normal community setting.

No matter how effective a prison training program may be, the acid test in the whole of the correctional field is what will become of the man when

he leaves the jail. We can surely say that, with the years of experience behind the John Howard Societies across Canada, we are prepared to meet and help these men—to receive them while on parole or when their term normally expires. Our staffs are skilled and trained in the co-operative problem solving with these men. They are not novices in the work of rehabilitation, they have been tested and re-tested and can speak with authority on matters of parole and after-care as members of our agencies, which have had long and honourable service in this field.

Recently Mr. Allen MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, in an address in Hamilton on February 25, 1963 gave a succinct account of the needs of the ex-prisoner and how the John Howard Societies have fulfilled their role in this regard. I am pleased to quote from his excellent address: "Our program of training the prisoners to live in freedom is based upon recognition of the fact that ninety-nine out of every one hundred of our inmates sooner or later are set free. If it is significant that in each year we receive more than three thousand inmates from the courts, it is even more significant that in each year we open the prison doors to permit almost as many to return to freedom. In one case out of five it is a qualified freedom, because the inmate is released on parole and must remain under supervision while he lives in the community. But in four out of five cases the inmate has satisfied his sentence and is free to come and go as he pleases."

"One hopes that penitentiary training has assisted the former inmate to meet the problems of freedom in better fashion than he has ever been able to do. But his problems when he leaves the penitentiary are now beyond the jurisdiction of the Penitentiary Service. They will not come within the jurisdiction of the police or the courts unless he commits another offense. The

inescapable truth is that now this man—and his problems—are a community responsibility. The question whether this man will or will not again return to prison will also be decided by the way in which the community meets its responsibility."

"The municipal governments of Canada have done little, if anything, to establish organizations designed to assist the rehabilitation, in society, of the offender. Fortunately, in many communities, the citizens have themselves recognized the need and have acted to meet the need. The best known example of this voluntary, community activity is the John Howard Society, which is now a national organization with representative agencies in every province."

"It is no function of mine this evening to emphasize the activities of the John Howard Societies in our communities. You know well their work in counseling the discharged prisoner and assisting him to solve his problem of every description. It would be remiss of me, however, were I not to emphasize not only the desirability, but indeed the necessity, of having these services available in the community. As I see it, the function of the private after-care agency is to carry on, in the community, the work of the prison in so far as the training of the offender is concerned. The agency can, and does, attempt to promote those qualities of self-discipline, self-control, self-reliance and self-respect on the part of the inmate that are so much the concern of the prison administrator. In so doing the agencies carry on a vital part of the national program of crime prevention. In so doing they have, in many cases, spelled the difference be-

tween the success or failure of the prison program of inmates training. Let me assure you that the agencies have earned—and continue to earn—the support of governments at all levels and the support of the public at large."

Unless there is an articulate body of people as the conscience of society regarding inmates and ex-inmates; unless there is a citizen to guide his footsteps on release we will take a backward step in the treatment of offenders. These men must be restored to society; the dignity of man, which is their inherent right, must be restored. They must not be left as a drain on the economy of the country. We are at the crossroad—we must choose to develop and support in greater measure, the most difficult task among our many difficult welfare tasks—the rehabilitation of the ex-prisoner or fail in our responsibilities as Canadian citizens.

We as members of the John Howard Society, are prepared, qualified and able to give guidance to our fellowmen who have lost the road. Through our local branches, the inmate can be helped when he needs help, and through our national organization, we can consolidate our efforts on a national scale. It will require continued public support, active membership in the John Howard Society and a great number of people dedicated to this cause.

In "Too Late the Phalarope", Alan Peyton, a Prison Superintendent, himself sentenced to prison, says: "An offender must be punished, I don't argue about that, but to punish and not restore, that is the greatest of all offenses. If a man takes unto himself God's right to punish, then he must also take unto himself, God's promise to restore."

CONSCIOUS VERSUS SUBCONSCIOUS

Ho-hum, nothing to do but to stay at home.
Well if such is the case then write her a poem.
Ah yes, quite right, a little poem,
But how shall I begin?
Why with paper pen and ink you fool
The same as all of them.
Ah yes, quite right, now let me see,
Here's paper pen and ink. HMMMMMMMM.
And think, you bloody fool. THINK!
Ah yes, quite right, and think.
Think, old thinker, think.
Now my blasted pen is on the blink.
That's not your pen you stupid ass;
That's your hypo from the Bio' class.
Ah yes, quite right, my dear old hypo
From my daze of sophomore...
Now come, come, come, you dazey dope,
That poem's for Ellenore.
Ah yes, quite right, that little ode
For dear sweet Ellenore,
Whose dancing eyes and cupid lips
A-swoons me to the floor.
Yes, and on the floor you grovel, fool
Till she stamps her tiny feet
And cries aloud, "Get up, you stupe,
For it's to Papa you must speak."
Ah yes, quite right, it's dear old Pop
Or Papa I should say,
Whose cruel lips speak naught but BALL
And how his Braves will fare today.
Yes, and what do you say to him Meat-head?
Come now, tell old subconscious what you say.
Ah yes, quite right, what do I say?
Oh sir, the Braves will lose today
They just haven't got a chance.
What with Ford and Berra and Mantle and Maris,
Why sir, it's just got to be the Yanks.
And so the Yanks it is as his Braves go down,
And with them, so do you.
For to win her hand you must under....!
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it, I say,
You cruel, heartless, blithering idiot, you.
What I say is this, "To hell with you
And to hell with your poem,
When here, right here, is the old Telephone."
So with a one two three four
I say, Ah, dearest, sweetest Ellenore.

P.J. Norton

POEMS

by Stuart Anderson

MAN IN THE MIRROR

You may bet:
Physics and numbers are the sciences,
The utmost ideologies,
Ascendants in cosmology...
And yet,
There is no trash
In Ogden Nash!
Even though:
Religions now have few alliances,
And clash
With new logic, new astrology...
Yet still,
In poems of Poe
There's woe!
And so:
The poet's range
Need never change...
Man! is his ontology.

A REFLECTIVE OBSERVANCE

Mirror's Narcissus, quietly reflective...
Your wits may claim some privilege
But isn't your vision slightly defective...?
You've lost no image
In Life's scrimmage...
Yours always was insective.

AND AN ADDENDA:

Peer, critic, in the mirror...
The poet's undoubtedly odd...
But aren't *you* a trifle queerer?
Are you man... or image?
Is it reflection... or vanity?
Unwarranted pride... or rank insanity?
Crafty puppet...? Conditioned churl...?
Please assess your own poor world;
Measure its clods, its inferior gods;
The Poet plays with superior odds...
He mirrors all humanity...
And laughs (by the way) as he plays!

MOCKING BIRD...MOCKING BIRD

Frivolity is just a petty joy, deflowered;
Gravity, the mundane minds endower;
Cynicism is mere sentiment that's soured;
Satire, a sharp instrument of power.
But Sardonicism!—(shall I tell?)
Why, it's the laughter of the angels,
As they trip, and wryly chuckle,
On their way-down trip to Hell!—
As they slip, and scrape their knuckles,
On their merry Fall to Hell!
"Facilas descensus Averno..."
Don't censor. Oh! I know! How well!
That frivolity would not become Prometheus—
That facilas need not become facetious.

THE FAITHLESS

He, the faithless one...
Who, in the shattered mirrors of his mind
Sneers at man's galaxies of stars;
Who snickers at the human *race*...
Makes mock at all, except those scars
Traced by Truth's hardships, faced;
Yet...
Whose creed it is to search and find,
Who knows Love's omnipotence,
Bleeds for lost ignorance,
Jeers at life's roles...
Can never own a paltry soul!
Can never own a paltry soul!

SHAKE MAN! SHAKE!

Let me but shake hands with Hamlet
And I shall shake off forever
This silly prattling of perverse philosophies...
Ah! But once let me grasp him entire,
Embrace his being, his totality—
To know, with him, the whole reality—
And I shall laugh at Gods; no need
To dally with the lesser creeds.
We shall, then, know humanity.
I too, shall have universality.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

"It seems very pretty," Alice said, "but it's rather hard to understand! Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas — only I don't know what they are!"

Alice In Wonderland

Stuart Anderson

Pinky's soul—or whatever substituted for a soul—consciously shivered at the click and the clang of the hospital's steel gate when it closed behind him. He walked slowly toward the prison exercise yard, past the grilled doorway of the Psychiatric Unit. He paused.

The too familiar sight of the long walls, and the multiplicity of barriers, and the bars on all the doors and windows of all the buildings, always tended to depress him a trifle. Though he was in a "laugh and the world laughs" mood, he knew that neither the mood nor the saying could be called realistic in this little world. Laughter was more than likely to be either a diverting substitute for near-to-tears sadness or a perverted gambit in a covert plan. Prison laughter, often sardonic, usually

has a purpose other than simple gaiety and humor.

"Whither and away?" Pinky smiled and stopped Louie who was coming from 'The Yard.' Louie too, appeared to be in an equally unrealistic, though deep and thoughtful mood.

"Are ya off to see the Wizard?" Pinky's glance and the movement of his head indicated the sets of steel barriers that guarded the nearby doorway of the psychy unit. He jeered as Louie scowled. "A little thought can be a dangerous thing—in *there*."

"I'm off to see a friend of mine." Louie answered. "He's *in there*, and he has been there for three years now... And that bit about 'a little thought' goes double *there*, double."

"Oh...? You mean that architect character that's doing the life sentence?"

"The guy they call Christopher Wren?" Pinky asked, even though he knew for sure that Louie had faithfully visited the ward and his friend over this three year period.

Pinky respected Louie for his loyalty, but he pitied him for his naivete. When it came to the subtleties of human nature, Louie was more than a trifle dense. Pinky pitied him sometimes—and sometimes envied him for this ignorance. As for Pinky—why, he had intuitively known from his first meeting with 'Christopher'—this friend of Louie's—that the architect never had possessed the qualities or the solid character foundations on which the building of friendships among the prison's hard core could be based honestly. Christopher, a lifer, had forged his entry into that group in the prison but his overly-displayed credentials had immediately been recognized as counterfeit by Pinky—who always scanned credentials closely, and kept the observations to himself for the most part.

"Yeah," Louie answered, "it's Christopher." Louie seemed puzzled that Pinky knew; then he decided it had been a shrewd guess on Pinky's part. "Y'know," he mused on. "I kinda liked him from the start—I kinda felt bad when, after he'd been here for about five years, doing nothing—nothing but time, that is—and after he'd got deeper and deeper into his steady reading, why, he started to imagine he was the character in whatever book he happened to be reading. Say, it got so even his best friends couldn't tell who he was going to be from one day to the next—like he was taking instant character pills."

"He shoulda got a book on cosmonauts and fired himself outa the joint." Pinky interrupted, and then added, "or suicides."

Louie's scowl deepened.

Aware of the scowl, Pinky made a snap decision; he decided that it might be a real act of friendship to present

'reality' to Louie—and, though it might prove unpleasant, it would be for the good of all concerned. All, in Pinky's lexicon, barely extended as far as most fellow-members of the prison's hard core group. Even while making the decision, and the plan, Pinky continued his clowning and his air of laughing mockery.

"At first he imagined he was various famous architects," Louie went on, ignoring Pinky's cynical chuckles, "probably because of the books he was reading—or maybe because of the environment. But then he branched out, and from one day to the next, as he read different books, it got like he was taking one-a-day character pills—even his best friends couldn't tell who he was going to be..."

"You shoulda copped a peek at his library card—or fed him paperbacks of your own choosing." Pinky laughed at his own sally, but Louie did not respond sympathetically.

"The guy is a friend of mine," Louie stated coldly, "and even though it's a good thing to have enemies—it helps pass the time in here—a friend is maybe a mistake because he adds to your own troubles."

"From what I hear, the guy hasn't any troubles at all, at all." Pinky scoffed, laughed in mockery and, with a pointed finger, needled Louie. "One day he's Genghis Khan and the next he's Krushev—and maybe in between he's Nero. He's as free as his fancy and as happy as his imagination. Why, with a good imagination..." Pinky at this point stuck out his arm like a pulpit-pounding demagogue, and kibitzed. "A man's mind may be the catalyst that raises his humanity, or all humanity—from a clod to a cloud. He may..."

Louie cut Pinky short in this mockery.

"All right, *all right*," Louie growled. Clods to clouds is all right, okay. Pretty sharp today, aren't you? Then you should know too, that a man's mind—

his imagination—can be perverse and convert a god into a dog—and anyway, the only cloud that humanity is going toward is one that will sweep over the universe—as part of the atomic bomb debris. . . .”

A trace of a snarl had crept into Louie’s rising voice as he, in turn, raised his arms in expressive gestures.

“And y’know,” he went on, “sometimes I find it hard to choose between a wise-guy clown like you’re trying to be right now—Oh pull up Pinky! Pull up! You get so carried away at times I think that even you don’t know where you’re going or what you’re trying to say. . . . One guy murders you with mockery and the others rupture you with rules.”

“Touche.” Pinky smiled wryly. “Okay. okay! Then let’s both of us go to the psychy ward.”

“You’ve ruined my day.” Louie, still unsmiling, made no move toward the heavily grilled doorway. “You’ve made me think—and question my own thinking.”

“Don’t think. Let *Time* and *Newspeak* magazines do your thinking for you.” Pinky still spoke in a bantering tone, but the inveterate cynicism was now scarcely concealed. “All you gotta do is read, man. Read and believe. Only don’t believe too hard or you may wind up like. . . .”

“That’s what I’m thinking about,” Louie gruffly explained. His manner and tone indicated that his problem was somehow tied in with his intended visit to the psychy ward patient. The explanation seemed to be more of a review for his own benefit rather than to acquaint Pinky (who already knew) with the situation there.

“Y’know,” he went on after a few moments of thoughtful silence, “it’s been eight years since he came in. ‘A promising young architect’ the papers said. . . . Five years, and he wound up in a padded patio. They caught up to him one day in the Tailor Shop when

he thought he was Luciano in the morning and Polly Adler in the afternoon.”

“If he had played Judas and Jesus they’d never have tumbled,” Pinky said. The flatness of his voice and this tenet of prison philosophy indicated that he had stopped his clowning.

“He’s been on-stage ever since,” Louie continued after some few moments spent digesting this bit of dogma, “and he’s roled them all, from Bede to Bertrand, from Omar to Einstein, from . . . aaagh, what’s the use?”

“What’s the use? Why, what’s the matter?” Pinky seemed suddenly concerned at the hopeless disgust in Louie’s voice. Louie was, after all, a top rate con and a real friend to many persons, Pinky included.

“Aaagh! It’s a tragedy, really,” Louie shook his head sadly. “The last few times I’ve been in to see ‘Christopher’ he’s changed. It used to be that every role was played brilliantly—until lately. He *was* a helluva nice guy.”

Pinky gave consideration to the possibility that it was only the loss of Christopher’s acting ability that had saddened Louie, but then dismissed this as unlikely.

“Lately,” Louie went on, “they been juicing him. . . . As the saying goes, they been keeping his batteries charged on current events—General Electric and some old Indian herb—a dandy combination, eh? Anyway, the last few times I been in to see him he didn’t seem any to happy; seemed to realize he was doing *time*. Why, it’s as though he was losing whatever freedom he had, trying to regain it.”

“I’ve heard that, and a few other things about his recovery.” Pinky nodded sagely and seemed pleased at what appeared to be Louie’s first real grasp at the essence of this situation.

“Yeah, one time I was in to visit—a coupla weeks ago—he was playing Humpty Dumpty. But it wasn’t acted out just right. He couldn’t seem to

make up his mind. And once, when he was almost on top of the wall..."

"Now *you* are trying to be the clown," Pinky accused. The complete change in manner and the incisive tone told Louie that Pinky had dropped all pretense and mockery.

"You may think whatever you wish." Louie looked searchingly at Pinky, then at the barred doorway, and spoke thoughtfully. "But last time I was in to see him—last week—they had him so discouraged, so brought back to their brand of reality, that he was ashamed when I found him back at work on his old drawing board. He tried to cover it up but I managed to take a fast peek. From what I could make of it he was working on a design for a new cell-block. New...? Why, at best it looked like a poor copy of the old Christopher Wren and Jeremy Bentham ideas. It was all arches and open-view cages, a mixture of mausoleum and zoo."

"He must have sneaked himself a new library card," Pinky cynically observed. There was sneering venom in every word.

"How did *you* know *that*?" Louie looked surprised. "Yeah! Last time he *did* have a few new books. The *Bible*, *The Life of St. Paul*, *The Madison Avenue Manual* and a well thumbed *Lolita*."

"It figures." Pinky nodded knowingly.

"Yeah. He's practically *cured*, according to them. But he's not the man he was..."

"I hear he's made some new friends?" Pinky's question was also a pregnant statement.

"Yeah. He's had a lot of visitors lately," Louie nodded in agreement. "The sky-pilot, all sorts of mind-and-medicine men, and the Joe Goss, and..."

"All the King's Men," interrupted Pinky, and then added allusively, "they picked him up and patched him—'remolded' I guess is a better word—but he never was like you or me. Louie. *He fell off. We'd jumped or we were pushed.*"

"Maybe we could help him get back..." Louie started to propose an alternative in a half-hopeful, wistful tone.

"You can't put something back that was never there." Pinky now spoke as though he were teaching basic logic to a dull student. "For one thing, it's bad for you to try..." He put his hand on Louie's shoulder. "Come on with me."

"I guess you're right," Louie agreed. "Maybe he'd have been better off all around if he'd stayed the way he was."

"He'd have deserved pity that way, or at least been good for an honest laugh," sneered Pinky.

Louie's doubts and reluctance vanished. His problem, obviously, was solved.

He and Pinky walked back out into the prison yard. They made their way to the bleacher benches and sat down. Each felt like a clod, though each for a different reason.

And so they sat, with a world and time in which to think; with more than one set of walls between them and that imaginary entity called 'society'. Just another pair of incurable, unconverted—but still perceptive and sentient thugs.



PRISMS

DOUBLE TALK

Here's a fast money shuffle that fooled teller Marie Morresi, of the Royal Bank of Canada on Eglinton Ave. W. yesterday.

Can you figure how she lost?

A man gave her a \$50 bill and asked for a \$5 roll of dimes. She handed over the roll and \$45.

Then the man said he'd made a mistake and had intended giving her a \$5 bill, which he did, plus the \$45, and the teller gave him back his \$50.

Before leaving the man asked if he could have a \$100 and threw the \$50 bill on top of the \$50 in change.

He then took the \$100 and left.

How much did the teller lose?

Answer: \$50.

Toronto Telegram



MODERN METHODS

Moonshining in Tennessee, as old as the hills, has adopted a modern business method to counter a move by revenue agents who have put a ban on the sale of glass bottles for illicit whiskey. The moonshiners now collect plastic containers used for laundry bleaches and use them to deliver the Moonshine. But they charge a deposit on them to make sure they get them back.

Joyceville Journal

ONE FOR THE ROAD

A reformed but previously hostile arsonist — in a letter to his judge:

"...I am no longer hostile towards society your honor.

"When they started playing with H-bombs — I lost interest in matches..."

Pendleton Reflector



ENGLISH ERROR

Burglars broke into Walton Prison then left again in disgust after cracking the warden's safe for loot totaling only three shillings, 47 cents.

The prowlers gained entry to the prison by sealing a ten foot wall, smashing a window, and forcing two oak doors, each three inches thick. After such an effort it must have been particularly galling when the safecrackers heard they had overlooked another safe containing a \$5000 payroll for the two hundred jailers.

Monocle

A MORAL TYPE

Police investigating housebreakings here stepped up their hunt for the "phantom artist" who hates gin.

Every time he robs a house he leaves his trade mark on the dressing table mirror. It is always the same — a drawing of a pair of feet with an arrow between them pointing upwards, police said.

Whenever he comes across a bottle of gin he destroys it.

Toronto Star

MOONY

Miami, Fla — A smooth talking moonshine peddler offered to help the police to corner a thief if the officers released him temporarily from a Dade county jail. He was released before dawn with \$20 to make the rendezvous while the officers took a different route and waited on the side of the road to spring the trap. If the police ever find the moonshiner again, he will face trial in the Criminal Court. The charge: Larceny....The \$20 bill was the property of the police captain.

"COULD I STILL TAKE THEM?"

Celebrating his 88th birthday in Chicago recently, Joseph (Yellow Kid) Weil, the king of the con men in his heyday, said to a reporter, "I'd like to get all my victims together and apologize to them." Then wistfully he added, "I wonder if I could still take them?"

Weil, well dressed and apparently enjoying good health, has held over the years that, you can't cheat an honest man.

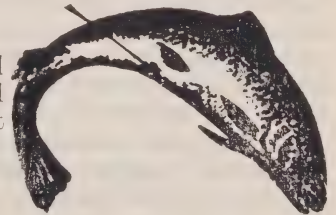
He modestly estimates his take over the years in excess of \$8,000,000.

Presidio

FISH STORY

England: A policeman was cleared of fraud charges even though he admitted he falsely claimed to have caught an 18-ounce fish and accepted first prize in a police angling contest.

Hilltop News



SMIRKOFF

P.J. NORTON

They say that every town has its clown, so I suppose that the town of Stinkingrad was no exception. For it too had its clown; it had "Smirkoff", or as the peasants used to call him "Sling-shot Smirkoff." They used to say jokingly that he once tried to crawl under the iron curtain, but they lowered it on his head and since then he has never been right.

Smirkoff was a man in his middle twenties. He stood about six feet two in his bare feet, and he weighed about two hundred pounds. So you can see that he was as much a man as he would ever be. That is physically! Mentally — well, the peasants had their doubts, for he had, or at least he pretended to have, the mentality of a great big wayward school-boy.

You see — Smirkoff was the kind of a man who seemed to delight in roaming up and down the streets of Stinkingrad with a sling-shot sticking out of his hip pocket, and every time he spied a stray dog or cat or what have you, he would quickly reach for his trusty old sling-shot, take aim (they say that his aim would have put Annie Oakley to shame) and before you could say Jack Bobinski his target would be off howling or mewling down the street. Then Smirkoff would roll over on the side-walks in loud fits of laughter.

Now all this howling, mewling, and loud fits of laughter would always be sure to bring the peasants out of their

huts, or in from their fields, where, after greeting one another, they would nod in the direction of Smirkoff, and one of them would say, "Why don't they do something about that great big lout?"

"Yeah", another would pipe up, "why don't they send him to Chicago or Detroit and let the Caponskis or the Polka-dotskis look after him?"

"No, no," another would cry out, "better to send him to Siberia, or maybe to Canada even, for the Pravda says up in that country everybody runs around with a sling-shot or a bow and arrow".

And so the debate of pro and con about poor Smirkoff would go on and on. Then one day Khrushchev himself put their minds at ease, for it just so happened that he was in town that day to see the Commune about the wheat shortage, and they say that he was in a very, very ugly mood indeed. He had his dog Sputnik with him, or at least he did have untill Smirkoff spotted him. Then, ping, ping, a double hit, and away flew Sputnik hell-bent, if not for the moon, then at least for Moscow and the Red Square.

Well that done it. That was the straw that broke Khrushchev's heart if not his back. He had poor Smirkoff transported immediately to Siberia. He left that day with about two hundred other peasants who were being sent up for the wheat shortage—even though

everyone knew that it was God and the weather who were to blame. However that was no excuse as far as Khrushchev was concerned; so off they went, packed into the cars like Grey Cup fans on a subway holiday.

They arrived in Siberia about two weeks later where Smirkoff was quickly hustled over to Camp number nine. Now, Camp number nine was where they gave you the cold-water cure, and if that did not cure you of bad habits, then they sent you over to Camp number ten for the hot-water cure, and so on.

Well, anyways Smirkoff stayed at Camp number nine for almost a year, then one day the authorities sent for him and told him that they were thinking about giving him his freedom, but first they said they would like to know his plans for the future.

"Well sir", answered Smirkoff, as he twisted his cap into a solid knot, "I was thinking of getting me a job down in a garage, or such like."

"A garage! well, well," said the head I.Q. officer, "that sounds good, very good indeed, but tell me my fine fellow what would you be doing in the garage?"

"Why sir," answered Smirkoff, "I would be fixing cars and patching tires and such like, then maybe if I were lucky I would get hold of an old inner-tube and make me a nice sling-shot out of it."

Well that done it for poor Smirkoff, for the head I.Q. Officer rushed him right over to Camp number ten for the hot-water cure. He stayed at the hot-water Camp for about another year, then once again the authorities sent for him, and again they asked him what his plans were for the future should they set him free.

But this time Smirkoff had an ace up his sleeve, for he knew exactly what to tell them so that they would toss him right out of the country for good.

So he answered, "Well sir, this time I'm going to get me a job in a machine shop, save up all my money, and maybe get me a sweet little wife."

"A wife!" cried the authorities in unison.

"Well, well," said the I.Q. officer with a smile, "now you're talking like a real he-man Smirkoff. A wife mind you! And I suppose that when you find this sweet little wife of yours you will carry her across the threshold of your new home," he added with a sly grin on his face.

"You bet I will," answered Smirkoff with a sheepish grin on his face, "in fact I'll do better than that sir, I'll carry her right up the stairs and put her to bed."

"You would!" gasped the head I.Q. officer as he fiddled with his mustache, "Ah you sly old rascal!" he went on with a knowing grin, "Then what would you do Smirkoff?"—

"Why sir," answered Smirkoff with an innocent look on his manly face, "I would just hang around until she had fallen asleep, then I'd sneak over to her dresser and steal her bloomers and make me a real good sling-shot out of the rubber bands in them."

Well that done it. That finished it. That was the end of the hot-water cures, the cold-water cures, and even Siberia, for old-ace-in-the-hole Smirkoff. For that very night they quickly raised the iron curtain and gently pushed him out into what they thought was no-mans-land.

But Smirkoff knew different. He knew that at last he was on his way to Canada. Gods country he called it when he got there. And to make him good and happy a big western rancher put him and his sling-shot to work riding the ranges popping off pesky gophers, wild covotes, and nude douk-hobours who threw their bloomers at him for Gratis.

Why Am I a Misfit

Earl

An adult human being's personal philosophy is a main foundation around which his life centres. If it does not mature as he gets older, a part of his life or actions will reflect this immaturity. One explanation given in the dictionary for philosophy, "calmness of temper and judgement" which is a big step towards a balanced life. A person with an immature philosophy will have an incomplete understanding of life and may have a tendency to blame his faults on other people or circumstances. Perhaps, this lack of understanding is not the fault of the individual. We would not say a diesel mechanic is at fault for not being familiar with the intricate workings of an atomic reactor. He has simply not been trained in this field. Although he may excel as a mechanic, his lack of training will not qualify him to work on the reactor. The same can be applied to an individual's philosophy. Although he may excel at some things, he lacks the training necessary to understand his faults and see them as deficiencies within

himself. This training is easy to get, but the desire for it is the difficult part. A doctor must have a thorough knowledge of a disease before he can attempt a cure and, in the same way, an individual must understand and know his problems before he can attempt to cure them. With an honest desire to change, one's first step may be a completely honest, personal inventory. If he is sincere in his desire and willing to accept the truth of himself, an analyst could be of great assistance; or reading and studying some of the many available books on philosophy and psychology may be of help.

Quite often when a person realizes he must make changes he finds it very difficult to believe he has not really been a victim of circumstances, but that his troubles are within himself. It may also be difficult to be completely honest and, after a few surprising answers, he may even temporarily lose the desire to change. Eventually he will find that he must change.

Recently after a brief interview with Dr. Scott, I was told I would be called again in the near future and while I was waiting I should look over my past life for some reason for my present faults with life as a whole. I became very bitter. After all, what kind of doctor was this who hinted I could cure myself! Were this possible I would have done so years ago and would not be in this position to-day. Then in place of bitterness, came curiosity. Could he be right? Is it possible that his was the reason for my repetitive failures? That I had never really made an honest effort to help myself? Then came reality. How could this doctor help me if I refused to help myself. I shall try to explain what followed this discovery.

I find it very difficult to relax. The only time my mind is at ease is while I am working and only then, when alone. When it comes to relaxing I do not know how, and at social gatherings I seem a complete misfit. When conversation lags, excuses for escaping quickly enter my mind. I never realized my complete lack of interest in the world around me might be the cause, or that I was so wrapped up in my own importance that I never took time to listen to the other fellow. The hardest thing for me, is to forget myself and my problems. Once I remove the word "I" from my vocabulary, life should not be so difficult, as I am my worst enemy. Perhaps I am the happiest when I am alone, because I am the only one interested in my narrow point of view. I have had what I thought would be lasting friends turn out to be more interested in getting away than listening to me. I have always been hurt by the slightest criticism and I am very easily insulted, which shows my complete lack of interest in the other person's feelings. When I am hurt in this manner, I immediately give a biting and sarcastic reply. I have never hesitated to criticize others, yet I cannot

accept the same. People soon shun anyone with this attitude. Lately I have tried to accept criticism and to act on it. A step towards understanding myself. Things like patience, tolerance, honesty and humility have never been a problem. Being the centre of my own importance, what did I care what others thought. Now that I am trying to find life at it should be, I suddenly realize how important these things really are.

After taking a pad and writing my good points on one side of a sheet and using the rest of the pad for my bad points, I felt like forgetting this painful character analysis. It would seem that the bad points could go on forever. I was sensitive, highly emotional, conceited, resentful, egotistical, jealous; I had destructive patterns of thinking and was very immature. In admitting these, I answer my question as to why I am unable to maintain such things as personal friendships and the respect of others. These problems seem enormous, but I am told they are not hard to overcome. To only admit part of them would defeat my own purpose. I am nearing thirty so these faults have had lots of time to accumulate. Because it took nearly thirty years for them to become obvious to me it is no reason to take another thirty years to change by trying to understand and overcome them. I have been possessed with the need to impress others with my worth, my adventures and accomplishments complete with long winded excuse for my failures. I now recognize this for what it really was. My love for me was speaking, my way of trying to impress people, which I usually did, but in the opposite way of my intentions. It is a change to sit back and listen, or to join intelligent conversations and discussions as one of the group, rather than being the centre of attraction.

Lately, I have enjoyed reading current events and editorial pages, and

found that articles I have always ignored can be very interesting. To my surprise they are even written in a way I can understand. They eluded me before, because I had no desire to understand. Reading such matter and trying to voice an unbiased opinion is a very new experience to me, but now I have started, I wonder how I ever maintained such an inexcusable lack of knowledge. It is easy to understand why I could not join intelligent conversation. I was too ignorant to realize what an intelligent conversation consisted of.

Fortunately, I inherited a good mechanical ability and through no fault of my own I am acceptable as a tradesman. I say I am acceptable but I used to think I was tops. I hope to return to my trade and to the outside world with a much different approach. I know

I have a lot of faults, but think I overcame my biggest obstacle by admitting it is me that is wrong and not the world. I realize I cannot change overnight and that only time will tell, but I am making it a full time job. I hope that when I am released from this institution my personal philosophy will have matured from the level of an adolescent to a level near my actual age. Perhaps in time they will be equal.

I must thank the big book of A.A., the few copies of the A.A. Grapevine I have obtained and Van Heusen's book *The Game of Living* from which I obtained the following poem.

Without these my personal inventory would be a complete failure.
"God, grant me sympathy and sense,
And help me keep my courage high;
God, give me calm and confidence,
And please, A twinkle in my eye.



CENSUS (PAST 30 DAYS)

Discharged	21	Received during month	90
Escaped	0	Transferred during month	83
Unconditional Release	0	Died	0
Paroled	3	Total remaining	881

On The ROAD

by S.S.H.

As he trudged along, the wind sang along the telephone wire and blew the powdered snow across the road. The highway stretched before him like billowing ribbon and disappeared into the distant hills. The snow lay banked on either side of the road and was just high enough to afford a little protection from the bitterness of the wind.

He looked neither to the left nor to the right but seemed content to pursue the course his feet chose. He walked with a determined and effortless gait. It began to snow again, slowly at first, then the white deluge was upon him. The road obliterated a scant few yards ahead, and the wind blew the snow against him, plastering it to his clothes.

Every once in awhile a car would pass slowly and he would stick out his thumb in the manner of a hitch-hiker, but the cars never stopped. It made him angry that they did not seem aware of him. He had long ago discovered that they did not need him, and he developed a protectiveness against

this. It was, he knew, this very same attitude that made everyone he came in contact with distrust him and misconstrue his motives. He walked on bending into the wind. And the shadows of the evening began to creep along the road behind him. It was soon dark and he was grateful that it had stopped snowing. It began to get very cold and the sweat of his trudging began to turn clammy, sending shivers down his spine.

He knelt down on the road and using the snowbanks to protect him, lit a cigarette. He drew the smoke deep into his lungs and looked up at the stars spangled across the sky. He rubbed his hands together vigorously and drew on his gloves again. He threw the butt into the snowbank and continued along the road.

A sign post loomed ahead. When he came up to it, he rubbed the snow from its face and discovered that the next town was twenty miles ahead. He was very cold now and he was fast becoming sleeny with that fatal lethargy that the cold brings on. He knew that he would die if he stopped. It took all his strength and determination to keep going. Finally, he glanced at his watch and saw that it was eleven o'clock. He was filled with a deep sense of hopelessness. The knowledge that he did not find the idea of ending it here unwelcome, came like a pin-point of light into his brain.

He became aware that he was no longer walking and was even mildly amused by the realization that he was sitting in a snowbank on the side of the road. He smiled at the sheer irony of his situation. As his eyes closed, two tears squeezed through the lids. The tears were immediately frozen to his cheeks. He felt very warm and secure where he was, and a deep sigh of satisfaction escaped his lips.

Letters

Gentlemen:

Just received my November issue of the *Telescope* and now enclosed a completed renewal blank, \$1.15 cheque, and Season's Greetings. Thank you for reminding me to renew my subscription. It would be \$2.00 for two years, but I don't know precisely where I may be in December 1965. My work involves changes in address.

Of all publications which come into my home I honestly enjoy the *Telescope* the most. It is a warm-hearted informative periodical produced by human beings who are as much entitled to life and a "Merry Christmas" as those of us outside the "grim grey walls".

For years I have been a supporter of the John Howard Society and as you know we are definitely interested in those, who for various reasons, may have strayed from "the straight and narrow path".

While being taken on a guided tour of "The Pen" a year ago last September my one prevailing thought as I looked at each man was "but for the Grace of God there goes Cecil Brathwaite".

The very best of wishes for the best Christmas ever and throughout each day of 1964.

Sincerely,
Cecil Brathwaite.

We really appreciate the season's greeting, but we are a little late with our acknowledgements due to the fact that our January magazine had gone to the press before we received your letter.

Editor.

The Editors:

Relative to the letter from Wally Smith which appeared in the August *Telescope*, who describes himself as a friend of the incarcerated, I would like to take issue with this friendly gent, not on all points, just on some.

I am willing to agree that there would be many thousands more behind bars if fear of punishment were not a potent deterrent. However, I am inclined to wonder how many of us 'outside' really weigh what following our inclinations might do to society and therefore curb our passions or desires. I wonder how many of us stop right at the point where we realize that if we break the law we will be punished. It would be ideal if we did weigh what damage we would do to society against the personal value received from taking what we want—how many of us are ideal? How many of us stay in line because we rightly fear the punishment that will be meted out to us. They tell me that 'Thou Shalt Not Get Caught' is a commandment adhered to by both 'round' and 'square'.

Question, please. How many of us are wise enough to weigh the pros and (pardon the expression) the con's of our actions before we take them. Many humans are creatures of impulse. They act first and think later—or regret later as the case may be. Incidents of this nature range all the way from speaking sharply to a friend, writing and mailing a nasty letter, to heaving a brick through a window and doing a 'smash and grab' job.

Who is going to challenge the statement that rules for society have been set up for the protection of society as a whole—not I.

No, Mr. Smith, we don't want to see prisoners transported in special trains or chartered flights. That is going from the sublime to the ridiculous. Undoubtedly there is a common sense middle ground—one which would allow

the law to take its course, the prisoner to be transported securely but without being further humiliated and degraded. When a prisoner is sentenced I don't believe that the judge throws in the extra proviso that he be transported in such a manner that will ensure his fellows of a 'show' at his expense.

When human beings become just another number and body to be categorized—there is something very definitely wrong. Human beings are human, prisoners are prospects for rehabilitation or should be. I doubt whether all the guards at K.P. think of the 'boys' there as merely numbers. If they all did, perhaps it would be a sign that they should be working somewhere else—perhaps at Eaton's or Simpson's—experts on cataloguing. Don't strike up the band and shake the newcomers hand, nobody expects it. Don't reduce him to a number and forget him either.

True, most of the members of free society work, and work hard for what they have. But, do I gather that Mr. Smith, even after his visits to K.P., has the impression that the inmates there get something for nothing, that they do not work for their room and board? I have never visited K.P. but just from reading the *Telescope* I get a very different notion of what goes on. Surely Mr. Smith will agree that nobody goes into a pen expecting a rest cure. What have you got against grouching? I know very few people who don't bellyache when they get caught doing something they shouldn't be doing and have to pay the penalty—they may admit that their punishment is deserved but they grouse and gripe anyway. Gripping is a good way to let off steam and relieve tensions.

Apart from the freedoms that Mr. Smith has so aptly described, the only other thing you fellows have lost is

the love and companionship of friends and family—those visits aren't too long or too often, are they? Of course you haven't lost their love—if you ever had it. You've just lost the right to be surrounded by it and by your loved ones. Here let me repeat the obvious—without FREEDOM what is there left?—Freedom you have not—

I don't think the number of 'recidivists' (that's repeaters, for the benefit of all those who do not have a dictionary at hand) prove that convicts have no wish to reform. I think that it proves that many men have been treated like numbers, they have returned home to find that they are unacceptable to large numbers of people, they have difficulty in finding a job that will pay enough wages to support their families. Sometimes even their families don't want them. In desperation they return to their old ways, are caught and are returned to prison. However, doesn't the record show that men who are helped to complete their education, helped to learn a trade, enabled to return to society prepared to take their places as useful members of a community, that these men in most cases grasp their opportunities and make good? There are exceptions, of course—there always will be exceptions. Please don't make blanket statements that do much more harm than good.

I have no personal stake, no axe to grind, no relatives on the inside. I do have a healthy respect for the right of each man to be accorded the dignity due a human being even if he finds himself in unfortunate circumstances. I do believe that when a man gets a chance to start again, it should be with some of the odds going with him, and for him.

Yours very truly,
J.E. Fisher
Ottawa



Penal Press Review

HARMONY NEWS, Massachusetts Correctional Institution For WOMEN.

Its always a pleasure to hear from the ladies, even when it is through a medium such as your very interesting periodical. We enjoy its chatty warmth and breezy atmosphere. Keep up the good work!

THE RIVERSIDE, Red Wing, Minnesota.

We really enjoyed the poem by Albert Wright, *My Story*. And we cannot find any reason why Mike Virden should not make a parole. We found your November issue very good and hope you will keep up the excellent work in the future.

THE CLOCK, Boise, Idaho.

Let us congratulate you once again on a worthwhile effort. Especially enjoyed the *Creamation of a Prince*, by Hank Brett. Good work!

PRESIDIO, Fort Madison, Iowa.

"Give me liberty, or give me death." Congratulations, Jim Cherry. You did a fine job! Incidentally, we are surprised to hear the mild results when tempers flare. Excellent photography Ed and we admire your layout.

THE ENCHANTED NEWS, New Mexico.

Superb! Ely Baker's cover is very good. Our congratulations to Editor Jim Isted on his second anniversary.

M.P. NEWS, Deer Lodge, Montana.

Interesting and well written articles. "*The Abominable Tea Salesman*" very humorous and we believe that we have been visited by that very same (gentleman)?

THE INSIDE WORLD, Parchman, Mississippi.

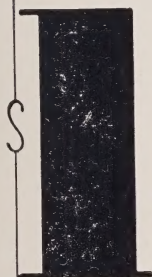
We appreciated the guest article by Paul Clark, a timely and certainly controversial piece of reporting.



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